

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

1873

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No. 36.

CUI BONO?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Why are the roses dead which turned
To blossom in the winter?—
Their fragrance lives in memory yet,
Although they blossomed so long ago.
"Who can say, dear?"

Why did the rippling streamlets fade,
Which rested bright upon the wall?
It quivered there a little space—
Then died away, and that was all.
"Who can say, dear?"

The roses, love, will come again,
And far more fragrant will they seem!
You, sweet they'll bloom for you and me
In the next golden summer-dream.
"Even so, dear."

But time is fleet—shall you and I
Through all the years unchanged remain?
And will the years but sorrow bring,
But memories of some old strain
Hear long ago?—Eco.

Ever My Queen.

BY PIERCE EGAN.

AUTHOR OF THE FLOWERS OF THE FLOCK,
"VIOLET"; OR, "THE WONDERS OF KIRK-
WOOD CHASE," "MARE JARRETT'S
DAISY," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

FOUND DROWNED.

It was only the work of a moment for the viscount to open the case and withdraw the pistol. Obstacles rarely stand in the way of those who recklessly determine on vengeance. As the sharp click of the bolt of the pistol took flying back struck his ear, he also caught the sound of a retreating footstep, and he feared that in the increasing darkness Cleveland Dyant intended to take flight, and so escape him.

He looked up quickly. The gloom had rapidly thickened; he could hardly distinguish the form which a minute previously had been too distinct, and he cried out, sharply—

"Stand! You are not coward as well as villain?"

Cleveland strode up to him, and in a tone of rage, suppressed with difficulty, with which was mingled intense heat, he said—

"I am neither the one nor the other, as you shall know. You, man, bought with your mean gold, and with your unworthy and debasing machinations, the treasure which was the life of my life. Losing it, existence is a burden to me, and I intend to fling it away; but not until I have exacted some retribution."

"Stand! You are not coward as well as clapping her hands.

Cleveland did not recognise her, but the viscount did, and he muttered—

"Death! Mad Lydia Marchmont!"

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DOING WITHOUT THE "POST."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Once the smile got troubled
And turned them inside out,
And things we wanted outward
Left us inwardly alone:
To do without our letters
Was hard to say the least,
But worse than that seemed us—
We did without the Post.

All week we watched and waited
And to the office sent,
But each one kept returning
The same way we went.
And so we moved and poised
As though by morphine done,
And there went over six days
Because we missed the Post.

Next week the things got righted,
News came from far and near,
And things we wanted came in
Our waiting eyes to cheer.
I tell you well and truly
Without a thought of boast,
I do without my diet
Before I'd lose the Post.

SADIE BEATTY.

The Cost of Conquest.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU.

CHAPTER XXI.

FRIENDS VERSUS FRIENDS.

The love of kindred—that to set "priest love."

—Sheridan Knowles.

Katherine had battled through her illness with youthful strength, and woke out of her long delirium a wan, feeble creature, too weak to think of all the sorrow that had befallen her, or to dread the gloomy future that lay so dark before her. "Sam" had stoked her luggage, and he and his wife had tended her kindly and unselfishly, without any idea whether they would ever be reimbursed for their trouble and expense on her behalf.

She seemed to have no friends—not a creature appeared to be interested in her in any way—and whether her assertion that she had money was true or not they had no means of knowing.

Yet there were people anxious to know where to find her, but utterly at a loss as to where to look or what to do. Captain Haughton, learning of the Underwood catastrophe, and the arrival of the Pensope at the same time, made many inquiries as to her whereabouts without success. He found the blades, and was not a little surprised to learn that they had let the forlorn girl go away from the vessel to herself, or rather so much as seeing her to the station; but Mrs. Blane so thoroughly expounded to him how very well satisfied Katherine appeared, and the lieutenant seemed so completely in awe of his better half, that he was surprised no longer.

"A pack of heartless wretches," he said to himself, as he left their house; "saddish and thoughtless." Where can the poor girl, I wonder?"

But it was many a long day before he met Katherine Branscombe.

Another person who was very anxious to know what had become of the girl his master had jilted was Gaspereau Saint, Philip Reynell's Maltese vallet. He had seen her beautiful face looking so earnestly homeward as the Pensope passed them on their outward voyage, and he was keenly curious to know what had become of her. He had friends in London who inquired for him, and tracked her from the vessel to the city, but lost trace of her when the cab left Nicholson Lane and proceeded westward.

He was rather gratified than otherwise that she had arrived.

"She'll turn up some time," he said to himself, with a mischievous chuckle. "I'll come about when he least expects it, and then he will receive payment in full for all-in full!"

It took the poor invalid a day or two to remember where she was and how she came there. When she did, her first act was to have her boxes opened, and reimburse Mrs. Boker for her trouble and expense. Then, as she grew stronger, and began to comprehend her position, she begged Sam to find out who had been her uncle's lawyer, and to get him to call upon her. She was a sensible, clear-headed girl, and wished to know the worst at once.

He came—a civil, courteous gentleman, void of feeling, as a lawyer should be—possessed the fee she tendered him, and then listened to her story of who she was and how she came there. Philip Reynell's name was never mentioned. She only stated that she was Mr. Underwood's niece, and that she had come home, expecting to inherit a considerable fortune.

The lawyer took her very seriously at her words, but could offer her no advice in particular.

"It's bad business, my dear madam—very bad," he said, shaking his head gravely; "but I see you are prepared for the worst, so I need not mind the matter to you. There is nothing for any one—absolutely nothing! I do not suppose there has been any crash in the commercial world for many years so complete as your uncle's ruin."

"Then my father's money is all gone?"

And, many another father's and daughter's with it. More than one death already lies at James Underwood's door besides his own."

"Thank Heaven, my dear father never knew—never was troubled by any doubts concerning him. Can you tell me where to find my aunt and cousin?"

"Well, really, I can't, my dear young lady. You see the widow and orphan, in a case like this, are generally glad to hide themselves in the deepest obscurity. Mrs. Underwood was not a woman much respected by those who knew her. Her vanity and extravagance had had a great deal to do with the tragedy, I suspect. She called at my office, a week or two since, but left no address."

"And you cannot help me to find them?"

He rubbed his hands, and was really very sorry, but could not, and bowed himself out, leaving poor Katherine in despair. A young lady with no money and no friends was hardly worth taking much trouble for.

"Never you mind, miss," Mrs. Boker said, when she heard of it; "my Sam'll fetch 'em out for you if you want to see 'em; so as be as they are in London, and I don't think they'll leave it somehow."

Sam was as good as his word, and finding an old servant of the family, discovered their whereabouts, and conveyed Katherine to the remote region of Walworth, to meet her cousin Mary, as we have seen. She expected nothing from the visit; but she was very lonely, and she turned to the only kindred she knew with yearning affection.

Colonel Branscombe had been an only child, and her mother and her brother the orphan children of parents who had died when they were very young, so that, save her aunt and cousin, she had literally no kindred.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've found us," said the impulsive Mary, kissing her when they got inside the common-looking little house, compared with which Mrs. Boker's Bloomsbury residence was quite palatial in its dimensions; "and mamma will be so glad, too—that is—added the girl, in some confusion, remarking all the uncomfortable respects which had made about her cousin. "Wait here a minute, dear, while I go up and tell her you are here. She has been in such trouble, you know," she said, apologetically.

"That she is easily startled and shocked."

Katherine thought no heralding would have been needed if her relatives had come to her at any time, and she tried not to hear the querulous, snappish tones of her aunt's voice as they greeted poor Mary in loud upbraiding.

"Who did you say, child?"

"Katherine, mamma—our cousin from India."

"Mary, you're a fool, and an unfeeling fool," was the sharp retort, "when you know very well I cannot bear any reproaches, to bring her here! Why did you not tell her I was out?"

"I couldn't mamma. Besides she looks so ill."

"Ill-stuff! What has she had to make her ill, compared to what I have gone through? Well, if I must see her I must. Put those tickets away, Ida—ugh, I can't bear to touch them!—and give me the money, and straighten the room a little. The idea of any one hunting us up in a place like this!"

A good deal of Miss Underwood's pleasant tirade reached poor Katherine's ears, for the house was small and the walls were thin. But for the remembrance of poor Mary's kindly face, and honest welcoming kiss, she would have walked away from the house and sought her kindred no more; and there was a mile before her eyes and a swelling in her throat as she walked up the narrow stairs into the stuffy little "front room" which was her aunt's parlor.

Perhaps it was as well she had heard a few chilling words, for impulse would have led her to embrace her aunt, and greet her cousins with a loving kiss; but she was prepared now for the frigid shake of the hand with which Mrs. Underwood received her, and the stiffly polite tone in which Ida hoped she would "take a seat."

"I was in hopes I should have been spared the trial of being found in a place like this," were the first words that her aunt addressed to her. "I hope you have not come to upbraid me or your poor dead uncle. I could not bear that—m—nerves are not equal to it."

"I had no such thought," said Katherine, hasty, every atom of endorsement dried upon her lips by the greeting she received.

She almost broke down. If these were relatives, better the friendship of the cabman and his wife ten thousand times.

"To what?"

"To see you, aunt. I thought you would have been as glad to see me as I should be to meet and know you. Mary had nothing to do with it."

But Mary had everything to do with it.

"I should have been very glad, child, if I could have received you as you had a right to expect. I did hope neither you, nor any one else, for that matter, would ever find us in this hole. Where have you been since you got home? I did not know you had any friends in London."

"Heaven sent me some, or I should have died. I have been very ill."

"You look ill. By the way, I thought you were coming home to be married. I am sure I understood so, and that we were to have seen about it. Your poor uncle said so, or else I dreamed it, and I don't think I did."

"You did not, madam. My father believed so—intended that it should be—but he was mistaken. I could not persuade him in the last hours of his life, for he was happy in the thought; but I have known for some time it would never be."

She spoke calmly enough; but what a tempest of sorrow was raging in her heart at the thought of Philip Reynell and his broken faith only the Heaven that sees all things knew.

"Ah, I remember now," Mrs. Underwood went on. "We heard of the gentleman's marriage, and thought it must be to you. And what do you intend to do, Miss Branscombe?"

"Work, madam, I am well nigh penniless now."

"As we are; but my girls cannot work. I don't suppose they have been educated to like you to make it come easy."

"I don't know how easy work comes, madam," said Katherine, rising. "To my knowledge, till I started for Europe on this voyage of sorrow, I never did anything for myself that the hands of others could do for me; but the necessity has come now, and I will try, Heaven helping me, to find some way of earning a living that will not disgrace my father's daughter, nor compromise my own feelings as a gentlewoman."

"I'm sure I hope you'll succeed," said Ida, with a half-concealed sneer; "but I'm afraid you'll find it very difficult to find anything a lady can do. But people's natures are so different."

"I shall not be ashamed to do anything a woman may do and keep her self-respect, Katherine said, haughtily. "I am sorry to have intruded on you, aunt, or led you to expect I wanted anything at your hands. My father intended I should be a welcome visitor, and I came at his bidding."

She would not cry, though the tears were almost choking her, and she hardly heard Mrs. Underwood's mumbled apology about altered circumstances, no place to rest, and so forth. She rose to go, and her usually bold her good day, without asking her to come again, or inquiring where she lived, or offering her any refreshments—all but Mary, who rushed down after her, to hug her in the passage, and tell her not to mind it.

"I am nobody, dear," she said, with a sigh. "They don't think anything of me; but I'll come and see you if you'll have me, and I'll love you, dear. Poor papa used to talk to me about you."

Katherine returned her caress, and gave her a card with Mrs. Boker's address on it, and went her way to where honest Sam was waiting with the cab, for he had insisted on conveying her himself.

"She won't fit to go at all," he declared; "and she shouldn't be jumbled through the streets by any one, if he knew it."

So he had driven her with the utmost care.

She got in, and leaning back while Sam took off the horse's nose-bag and prepared to start, she burst into such a passion of tears as not even her father's death had made her shed. Sam was appalled at her outburst, and put his head in at the window to offer her some comfort.

"Don't be so that, miss; now, don't be," he urged. "That's a thing as never helped man, woman, or child over a stile yet, and it won't help you. We'll get home to the old 'oman—she'll get you something to refresh you; and maybe she'll be able to comfort you a bit—who knows?"

Home to Mrs. Boker—for it seemed the only home she had now—Katherine went, the exhausting tears she shed easing her full heart a little, but making her head and eyes burn with fierce throbs. Mrs. Boker examined at her appearance, and insisted on putting her to bed at once, and then, sitting down by her, begged her, in her straightforward, honest way, to tell her what she had known.

"Troubles told are half cured, dearie," she said, as she would have spoken to a daughter of her own; "maybe me and Sam can do something, though we're only poor folks. No; you're not heritoring, either—what she had made about her cousin."

"Wait here a minute, dear, while I go up and tell her you are here. She has been in such trouble, you know," she said, apologetically.

"That she is easily startled and shocked."

And Katherine, much moved, but brightened, nevertheless, by the kindly sympathy, unfolded her dread of the future, and her disappointment at the chilling reception she had met from her aunt.

"Never you mind them," said Mrs. Boker promptly. "They're a sickly, heartless lot, and knowing them won't help you much; and as for the other, why, Heaven bless you, miss, there's lots of things a lady can do wants to be independent. Why, it's only ladies that can teach the fine things that ladies learn—music and painting, and the like. You just get well, my dear, and I'll soon be earning a little fortune."

"But I've nothing left, my dear Mrs. Boker—nothing."

"Pounds!" ejaculated the good woman, as fervently as if Katherine had said thou-sands. "You just sleep on it, miss. Believe in the good luck, and it'll come, see if it don't."

Mr. Compton of the Strand was declared in the trade to be an unscrupulous and hard as his magazine was pleasant to read, and free and easy in its manner. Having no particular literary taste himself, he had gone into the business as he would have gone into any other kind of trade, and treated the authors who brought their productions to him as he would the manufacturers of any kind of tangible commodity. It was a question of sale and barter with him—so many pages of readable matter, so much money. If he could have arranged it by weight or measure it would have been more agreeable to him. In his eyes, the man on whom Providence had bestowed the talents that amuse, instruct, and benefit mankind was no more than the artisan who made the paper used in his office, or the composers who stood at their easels and set up the words given to them as mechanism only as steam-propelled machines.

Yet he was kindly in manner, and not unkindly of the well-being of those under him. To work for him once and to please him was to work for him a long time, and for him to work for him a long way a pound will go in one's keep if it's rightly spent. You just stay here with me a bit, and get strong and well, and I'll make the money go so far you won't know it. Why, there's a hundred places waiting for you if you only knew it, where you'd make a fortune. And Heaven forgive me for lying!" she said to her husband, when Katherine dropped asleep, quieted and refreshed. "She'll never be able to work, and what she's to do I don't know, poor soul; but I've put a little hope into her heart, and it's the best physic under the sun."

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. COMPTON, OF THE "STRAND."

"Begging a brother of the earth"

To give his leave to talk."

"I look from the glittering stage,

Across the darkened pit;

To the circus, flashing with goss,

Where sometimes I see my art."

Does she know me from the past?

Not she, perhaps, a thousand a year,

Yet I look, and forget, and dream,

And think of her as my art."

I look from the glittering stage,

Across the darkened pit;

To the circus, flashing with goss,

Where sometimes I see my art."

And I dream of her, and the stars

Whisper around my bed,

Telling of joy in the life to come,

As they shade o'er my sleeping head.

"There's another world," they sing,

And I dream in my bed,

With a golden hair about me,

Love me, love me,

With a golden hair about me,

Love me, love me,

With a golden hair about me,

Love me, love me,

With a golden hair about me,

Love me, love me,

With a golden hair about me,

Love me, love me,

With a golden hair about me,

Love me, love me,

With a golden hair about me,

Love me, love me,

With a golden hair about me,

"Can I not comfort you?" he asked.
She shook her head, and struggled with her tears.

"I shall be better soon," she said. "It was the song—the association with it, it made me feel my loneliness so strongly—that is all."

He knew the circumstances of her father's death—he was enough her friend to have been told them—and he pressed the hand he held.

"Would that I had the power to make your life less lonely," he murmured. "Miss Branscombe—Katherine—will you give me the power?"

He had worried himself a thousand times over how he should put his question to her, if he ever found courage to put it at all, and now he had blurted it out without any preparation or premeditation at all. She looked at him in surprise—she hardly understood what he meant. He saw that she did not, and went on:

"I have had it in my heart to say to you, ever since the first hour of our meeting in the office yonder. Will you let me help to make your life brighter? Will you brighten mine as I never hoped to have it brightened in this world, and be my wife? I have loved you, it seems, an eternity, as I have never loved woman before—as I never could again."

He puffed out his position with eager agitation. His could not grasp nor comprehend the force of his position for her, and his first feeling was one of almost repugnance to him. He saw it in her face.

"Ah, forgive me!" he said, quickly. "I should not have spoken now, and yet I felt I must speak or go mad. Do not repulse me to night; let me hope for a few hours more, even though despair comes at the end of them."

"You have been too kind for me to be angry," she said, gently, "but you have taken me by surprise."

"Will you let me repeat my question to-morrow? I must have an answer—my whole future depends upon it."

And Katherine, hardly knowing what she said, left him with a promise that on the morrow she would tell him whether she would be his wife or no.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. AND MRS. HASTINGS.

"His wife and his darling to be."

Mr. Hastings longed for the morning that was to bring the answer to his question, as ardently as ever boy lover longed for the girlish "you" that was to make life one long Elysium to him. He loved as grave, staid, middle-aged men will love, passionately and blindly, though in this case the object of his devotion was worthy of it. It had been love at first sight, but the instinct which prompted it was a true one. As falteringly as a timid child he sought her the following day for her answer.

"I cannot give you love such as you give me," she said, quietly. "You know my story—you know my heart was given—And hung back to you like a broken toy! I know— curse him! Yet I cannot say that, Katherine, if the chance gives you to me."

"I cannot be your wife Mr. Hastings yet, still?"

"Till when?"

"Till I have forgotten that love, till I can look into your heart and see Philip Reynell's image there without a throb of pain, till I can stand face to face to him, and meet him as an utter stranger."

"And do you think that time will ever come?"

"No."

The word was resolutely, calmly spoken, and he read in her face that while Philip Reynell lived no man would hold the place in her heart he longed to fill. Very gently took her hand.

"Katherine," he said, "I love you, and my love can be very faithful and very patient. Knowing what I know, knowing Philip Reynell as I know him, I believe that your love for him will die whenever you may chance to meet. Be my wife, dear, let me make a home and a place for you in the world, and I will wait very patiently for the rest. I believe what the poet says, that Heaven 'Creates the love to reward the love, and I have faith that your love will turn to me, when you know what a worthless object it is wasting its wealth on now."

She looked at him wonderingly, and her eyes flashed.

"You are severe," she said. "Except in his conduct to me, which is inexplicable, Philip Reynell was never unworthy. Any one who knows him will say the same of him."

"I know him, and I believe him with reason to be what I say. There is a mystery to clear up in his past life. I believe when it is cleared, your love and the respect of every honest man will alike leave him Katherine, let me help you to clear it."

"You are a strange wiser," she said. "You will not win me by disengaging him."

"I will not say one word about him. I will leave it all to time, if you will say yes. Ah, I can be very tender where I love, though I seem cold and stern now. I will be very tender to you, Katherine."

"I believe you would, Mr. Hastings," she answered, dreamily. "Do not tempt me to an unwomanly and cordial action. You may say love me, would marry me, even though another holds the first place in my heart. I cannot be blind to the advantage of such a marriage, or the pleasant picture of ease and rest you show me in the future. Do not tempt me! I cannot wrong your noble generosity by saying yes!"

"You can—yes will, Ah, say it, Katherine, and I will wait for the rest! You do with me and mine what you will. Give me no master, or a little of your heart as you please, but be my wife—come and brighten my desolate home with your sweet presence."

Much longer and more earnestly still he pleaded, till Katherine, moved by his simplicity and earnestness, and longing, too, for some faithful heart to care for her, some strong arm to guide her in her lonely way, said: "Yes!"

He would have no "buta," but drew her to him till he could lay his lips on hers, and murmured that he was content.

And Katherine was content, too, and the feeling that was springing up in her heart, and which she called gratitude, was the very like love with another name—not the free, unconstrained love she had given Philip Reynell—now had made a woman of her since then—but a quiet, blissful content—a feeling of security and peace such as she never hoped to find again.

It was a surprise to her to learn that her love was wealthier than she thought—that she would be mistress of a country house called Holmold, in a picturesque part of Yorkshire.

"Which I will put into the hands of architects and decorators at once," he said, proudly. "My wife must have the prettiest home in the country."

Katherine blushed rosy-red at the words, and noted how he did not live there, for he had spoken of it as being dead up.

"Because the great sorrow of my life seems to me there, my darling," he replied,

gravely. "I have a story in my life. Will it make you rescind your promise if I tell it you, I wonder?"

"Nothing would make me go from my word," she replied, simply. "If there had been anything in your life to prevent your making me your wife, you would not have asked me to marry you."

He thanked her for her touching faith with a smile that was more eloquent than words, and told her the story of his early sorrow—how he had married, blinded by a pretty face, and awakened from his brief dream of bliss to find that the beauty had not one attendant good quality, and to live a lonely, forsaken, dishonored man.

"What a life mine has been I cannot tell you," he said, with a sad smile. "The sting of that wound never ceased to rankle till I met you—not because of the love I bore my faithless wife, but because of my wounded pride, and the dread I had daily and hourly of standing face to face with her."

"Then she is not dead?"

Katherine drew herself away from his embrace involuntarily, there seemed a barrier between them now.

"Yes, my darling, she is. Only ten months since I was telling the dearest friend I have in the world, that I did not know where she was. Even then she was dying, and asking for me. I found a summons to a workhouse hospital ward waiting for me when I got back to town."

"And you saw her?"

"She was familiar, and she looked at him wonderingly, while her husband drew her back and released her dress from the poor lunatic's grasp.

"Don't hurt him," she said, as an attendant led him, roughly, come away.

"He is doing no harm—I'm not afraid of him."

But they pulled him away, shaking him and abusing him as they went, and still he struggled with them, calling pitifully—

"Oh, Miss Kate! make them let me speak to you—don't you know me? I'm not mad!"

And so they thrust him into the house, through the nearest door, Katherine sank on a seat, faint and breathless, for she recognized in him Philip Reynell's faithful servant, Edwards.

She fell quite a great woman. One of the earliest of the public appearances she was called upon to make was at a bazaar in aid of the funds of the county asylum. Charitable people, bent upon giving the poor inmates pleasure, had proposed buying them cricket, archery, and croquet apparatus, and to aid this laudable resolve, and amuse themselves at the same time, they got together pretty girls and pretty nothing, music, refreshment, and flirtation, and made a bazaar.

It was held in the grounds of the asylum, and part of the programme was walking over the place, and extolling the exquisite arrangements, flattering the snug doctor, and talking largely about what nine out of ten of the visitors knew no more of than a Hindoo.

Katherine, on her husband's arm, explored the whole place with interest, saying a kind word or two to the poor creatures lounging about with the terrible listlessness which is so marked a feature of their insanity.

As they passed group in the grounds a man sprang forward, with a start, and caught her dress.

"Miss Kate!" he said, imploriendy: "oh, Miss Kate!"

The voice was familiar, and she looked at him wonderingly, while her husband drew her back and released her dress from the poor lunatic's grasp.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIN MARRIED."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EXHIBITION.

"In here!" observed a dogged voice presently, not as a warning that there was a spectator of the fond pair's rapture (which indeed they already had in Mary), but as a hint that he had been overlooked.

"Oh, Jim, of course," said Robert, a little awkwardly, but shaking him all the more warmly by the hand, to make up for the neglect.

Jim was not improved in appearance since the old fond days. He had had stoutening, defined looks which he acquired from his continual conflict with the law, and he looked dismally homely. "This ain't much of a place," said he, "to come to, across the world, considering who we've cracked it up. There is not tree as I can see, and where the game's to come from."

"Oh, Jim! how you are," broke in Lizzy tearfully, "after what your mother said!" She was not easily moved to tears, as Robert knew, but he had perceived that she was in deep mourning, and guessed the cause, which had presented him from asking after her mother.

There was no need for any delay, the bride had no fortune to settle and no relations to object, and the bridegroom was his own master.

So it was arranged that the marriage should be in May, regardless of the old Queen's birthday, dating from Queen Mary's luckless union with Dudley, which says:

"Till when?"

"Till I have forgotten that love, till I can look into your heart and see Philip Reynell's image there without a throb of pain, till I can stand face to face to him, and meet him as an utter stranger."

"And do you think that time will ever come?"

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I am quite sure of that," answered Robert, gravely; "and what has become of it, I think I can also tell you. I have no more experience of such matters than yourself, but I have read that islands are sometimes cast up in the sea, and there remain for many months and years, and then again are swallowed up with shocks as of an earthquake as quickly as they came; and such, as I believe, has been the fate of this one; at all events, it is beyond a doubt that underneath as now is the grave of all your friends, and some of mine."

Lizzy, notwithstanding the miracle, as it seemed, that had been wrought for her deliverance, was nursing bitterly for the fate of her ill-tempered brother. Robert, too, hung his head, thinking of the self-sacrificing bands that had pushed his boat off but a few hours ago from what was then a land, and were now tossing knife-like beneath the waves with shingle and with shell. The men, too, were deeply affected, and gazed down into the blue depths, as though it were possible to descry within them the forms of their lost friends—wives, children, comrades. Perhaps, poor fellows, they were simple enough to suppose that the island might presently re-appear again, with nobody much the worse. Murphy still knelt in the boat, with his clasped hands before face—a pitiful spectacle. No word was spoken for several minutes, passed in mutterable thoughts, till Robert again broke silence:

"There is no use in our remaining here, Murphy," said he, firmly; "I shall now steer for Melbourne."

"You will do as you please, sir," answered the other in broken tones, "and these men will obey you. The master said that if anything happened to him, you were to be his successor."

These words were spoken with a certain reverential humility, as though Cheyne had actually become invested with a portion of that authority which, with Murphy, stood in the place of all others—human or Divine. All at once he sprang to his feet, and stood in the attitude of one who listens attentively.

"What do you hear?" asked Robert anxiously. It was just possible that another volcanic shock, such as had doubtless submerged the island, had given warning of its approach, though to his own ear nothing was apparent but the soft splash of the wave and the flutter of the sail, for the boat was almost stationary.

"I hear his voice," cried Murphy. "Dick, Dick!" he says, soft and low, just as he used to whisper when I was down with the fever, and he was minding me.

"I'm coming, I'm coming, master!"

And before any one could interfere, the faithful foolish fellow had placed his foot upon the gunwale, and with tight folded arms had leaped into the sea. He was a well known, but he never rose again. Robert would have given much to see him do so, for in that act of fidelity—dog-like or madman-like though it might be, but inexplicably touching—all the wrongs done or intended to him or his were forgotten; but they watched for him in vain—Murphy had gone to join his master. After half an hour of fruitless waiting, the panacea was put about, and sailed for Melbourne. They would have had to endure much privation on the way, even had they reached it at all, since the sum of provision in the ship was very insufficient for five persons, and on the second day they fell in with a vessel bound for England, which took them all on board. The terrible and unlooked-for destruction that had overwhelmed their friends—though at the same time it had preserved themselves—for some time overshadowed the lovers. For Mary, they both mourned; Lizzy bewailed her brother, for whose fate Robert could not be expected to feel poignant grief; while on the other hand Kavanagh's loss appeared far otherwise to him than to Lizzy, or than it had done to himself at the moment of their own deliverance. The acts of violence committed by the "young master" from first to last, inclusive of his brother's murder, he honestly sacrificed to madness, to which indeed they were doubtless due: how far that madness had been induced by passion and want of moral control, and finally by drink, was a question into which he dared not look. What he strove to remember now was only the drowned man's tenderness and trust. Lewis had perished without leaving any heirs, so that the bequest of the three thousand pounds—with the deduction of that large proportion of it which he did not forget to bestow on the three survivors from Murphy's Island, in accordance with Kavanagh's wishes—might fairly be considered to be his own. The first sum which he expended out of it on arriving in England went to the purchase of a marriage ring; and during the time which the cruelty of the law interposed between him and wedded bliss, he placed his Lizzy under the care of Mistress Mulvaney. To the former's surprise, and indeed not a little to her scandal, the widow welcomed him with a hearty embrace. "I never thought to see you again, my brave boy," cried she, "nor to hear anything of you, save that you had come to grief; far less such good news as this;" and here she kissed Lizzy. "You went away from my home, lad, in very indifferent company; as to one of them, I ask no question, for ever since what happened at Falstaff Hall I washed my hands of him. But how is that ne'er-do-well Dick?"

Robert's face told her before he could reply in words. The widow pinched down on the little sofa—it was in the old smoke-room that the interview took place—and burst into tears.

"Heaven forgive me for speaking ill of the dead!" cried she; "and he such a brood of boys! But tell me all about it."

Robert did not tell her all, or perhaps she would once more have altered her opinions; but he told her what he could of good about him; and especially concerning his end.

"I never thought Dick would overlive his master," was the widow's quiet comment when she had recovered herself. "Do you remember what you wrote about him to your pretty sweetheart here, comparing his fidelity to that of a dog? It got hold of that letter, and made me read it to him in the very room; and when I got that part of the poor fellow only said: 'Well, that's true enough,'" as though he was proud of it."

With his remaining two thousand pounds or so, Robert purchased a little business in the cabinet-making line, for which he had always had a taste, and being not only diligent himself, but having a diligent wife—which always doubles a poor man's gains—he soon became prosperous enough. The first article of any elaboration that he turned out with his own hands was a tea-caddy, which now forms the admiration of the patrons of Mulvaney's. The outside has succumbed to the all-pervading influence of the place, but the inside—and this Mrs. Mulvaney persists in ascribing to its excellent workmanship, rather than to its contents—has up to this time successfully resisted the flavor of onions. Robert has one son, named after himself. He would have called him "Frank," after his benefactor, but Lizzy opposed it. "Mr. Kavanagh was very good to us," pleaded she, "I own; but I do not wish my boy to remind me in any way, even in name, of a man—I mean, of Murphy's Master." In graceful return for this compliance, when a little girl arrived to make their home complete in its domestic furniture, her mother named her Mary. As for the other Mary—Mary Becher—so another.

strangely and unwittingly mingled with their fortunes, nothing could be heard of her, though Robert did his best to find her out. He felt that the least they could do was to share with her, should she need it, the abundance with which they had been endowed by him who had known and loved her. It is probable, however, that he had simply provided for her before he quitted England.

The Cheynes lead a happy quiet life, and they desire no other. The love of adventure with which Robert was once possessed has been fully satisfied, and he is very reticent concerning his past experience. As a customer of his of some standing, and admitted in some sort to his family, as being an amateur cabinet-maker who has turned lathe of his own, I gained possession of the foregoing facts; but I should not have done so, and I did not, in addition to those pretensions, happen to witness the circumlocution that had been witness to a certain event, at a surprise party near Windsor Forest, on one stormy winter night, which was, as turned out, the prologue to his own eventful history. I, too, although but for a few moments, had seen both Murphy and Murphy's master, and therefore seemed entitled to be told their story.

To assert its truth would seem to be to protest too much; but as a satisfaction to that considerable class of the community who "only believe what they read in the newspapers," I may add that its most singular feature—the sinking of a populated island—was recorded in the columns of the Times within the last three years.

THE END.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PARTINGTON'S PATOWKON.—Humorous, Elocution, Rhythmic. By B. P. SHILLABER. This is a new batch of papers and anecdotes by the far-famed "Mrs. Partington," and the book will no doubt find a ready sale among the lovers of humorous literature. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. Price \$1.75.

THE JUBILEE SINGERS, and their Campaign for Twenty Thousand Dollars. By D. G. FIRE. With photographs by Black. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. Price #1.25

HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK.—By JONATHAN SELIG, Esq., of Westerfield, Connecticut. A full account of the social life of New York. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. Price \$1.75.

MISS LESLIE'S NEW COOK BOOK. A Complete Manual of Domestic Cookery in all its Branches. By Miss ELIZA LESLIE. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. Price \$1.50.

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WILSON'S MONTHLY for April. Miss Proctor's profusely illustrated narrative of "Moscow and Southern Russia" will be read with peculiar interest. Among the illustrated papers we also notice an article on America's prima donna, Clara Louise Kellogg, with a portrait, which is decidedly better than magazine portraits as a rule. In the way of fine fiction is the beginning of a powerful story by Clara Holma. Published by Merriam & Co., New York.

"WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ME AND A NEW Novel?" inquired a highly-angled damsel of her beau. "It is this," said he—"a new novel is read because it is interesting, and you are interesting because you are red."

Somebody has written a work entitled "Useful Hints for Ugly Girls," and the New York Commercial Advertiser declares that the book has the smallest circulation of any literary production in the United States.

A DANBURY young man out of employment and health, desires to act as substitute for some pensioner of the war of 1812. No objection to going to the country.

A DRUNKEN fellow had wandered into a Sunday-school, and took a seat among the primer scholars, when the teacher accosted him with, "Why, James, do you know what condition you are in?" "Yes, m'm; in the gall of bitness, 'n' the bonds of iniquity. Ask me some hard quash's."

"OH, he's a real nice man, mother—wears a watch and—"

"Never mind what he wears—we know nothing of him, and—but I don't see what he can be."

"Oh, we must let him stay, mother," said Lucy, intent upon getting the hat.

After a time Mrs. Marks gave her consent, though unwillingly, and Lucy prepared the table for dinner with great care, putting on all the silver she could find, and her mother's best preserves and pickles. She then brought in the dinner, and invited the stranger in. He was from Cincinnati he told her. His name was John Hanson. He was buying some land near the village, and as there was a little difficulty about settling the title he was compelled to wait a few weeks.

After dinner was over, Lucy went up into her little bedroom, prepared it nicely, arranging fresh flower-pots, &c. Then she showed her boarder his room, after which she ran over to Mrs. Hays', told her what good luck had befallen her, and begged her to lay aside the hat for her. Mrs. Hays kissed the bright face, and promised to do so. Lucy then went on to her school, and proceeded with her usual duties.

For two weeks Lucy was up with the lark, and bairns a bay behind the long day. The trouble her boarder caused—his ill-timed wants, carelessness about the house, which made double work for her, was nothing, for she had to have that hat!

"OH! MURDER is a very serious sin," said an Arkansas judge to a convicted prisoner. "It is next to stealing a horse or a mule, sir, and I shall send you to the State Prison for six years, sir."

A STONINGTON man spent three quarters of an hour, the other evening, trying to pick up a piece of moonshine from his doorstep, which he had fancied to be a newspaper. His afflicted wife finally came out, brought him to consciousness by means of a loose fence picket, and steered his steps into the house.

"WHY, Lucy," she said, "I expected to see you wearing your new hat."

"Yes, that's the way you intended it, I'll bet you \$10 for Mr. Hanson's board."

"But he hasn't paid us yet."

"Didn't he pay you when he told you good-bye? He told me he would settle with you."

"WHY, he has gone!"

"YES—surely he went by to see you?"

"NO, I have not seen him."

"Well, I had no faith in him from the first—you'll just lose your hat, that's all."

"Oh, mother!" and Lucy began to cry.

"Don't cry," said Mrs. Marks, following Lucy into the house, "it can't be helped now; turn in, set the table, and let me have supper."

Lucy wiped her eyes, and began putting the dishes on the table.

"WHY, mother, where's all the silver?" she exclaimed, searching for spoons and forks.

"GOOD GRACIOUS ME—AIN'T THEY THERE?" said Mrs. Marks, running to the safe. "NO—not one. Lucy we've been boarding a thief."

After supper Lucy went into her bedroom to put on her best clothes, for Tom Wayne was to call upon her that night, and she must fix up.

She dressed herself very sweetly in a white dress and blue ribbons, then she went to her little jewel box to get the only set of pure gold jewels she had. She raised the lid and behold it was empty. She told Tom of her misfortune when he came, and he endeavored to trace up the thief, but all in vain. Mrs. Marks spooned Lucy's jewels and John Hanson were heard of no more. Mrs. Hays, kind-hearted woman that she was, after hearing of Lucy's fortune, sent the long-wished-for hat as a present to Lucy, and the very next Sunday Tom walked to church with her, and they have been walking to church together ever since. But not alone, for Tom will take his little boy with him all the time, and he is the very image of Lucy.

"OH! A LUNENBURG man is advertising for a wife as follows:—"I want two get me a good respectable young lady twenty-eight years old for me a wife. I want one that can spin and weave. I would like to get a farmer's daughter. I want a new Hampshire girl for me a wife one that likes to do house work. I would like a wife soon. Apply soon two."

"OH! A celo-brated singer, Madame Le Roche, was giving a younger companion art some instructions in the tragic character of Medea, which she was about to sustain. "Inspire yourself with the situation," said she, "fancy yourself in the poor woman's place. If you were deserted by a lover whom you adored, what would you do?" The reply was an unexpected one: "I should look out for myself."

"OH! An Illinois bridegroom in the first flush of wedded bliss, made a magnificent gift to the Quincy Whig editor of a bottle of Whiskey and a yard and a half of bologna sausage."

"OH! Some people find cause for lamentation in everything. The Rastaman's Journal, published at Clermont, Penna., is disposed to become tearful, because many rattlesnakes having perished from cold during the winter the coming crop will probably be light."

LUCY'S BOARDER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY DAIRY BURNS.

LUCY Marks was a pretty little maid of seventeen summers, and taught the district school in A——. One bright morning just as school was closing, she stood at the door, tying on her hat, while several little girls heads were gathered around her. She was laughing merrily at some of their childish wit, when a voice accosted her.

"Good morning, Miss. Can you tell me where I can get boarding in some private family for about two weeks?"

She looked up, and there stood an elegantly dressed man, with a smile in his hand.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "and we were starting, for a stranger was a rare sight in the quiet little village, and Lucy couldn't think when she had seen such a nice looking man."

"Excuse me for startling you, young lady, but—"

"Oh, yes," said Lucy, "you want boarding—will let me see—" and she began to think over the various chances.

"I don't care for expense," remarked the stranger; "will pay five, six or seven dollars per week. I dislike the bustle and confusion of a public house, so much, that I will pay any price for boarding in some quiet, respectable family."

"Goodness," thought Lucy, "he's rich—now five dollars a week is a heap, in two weeks it would be ten, then I could buy that lovely hat from Mrs. Hays, and I do want it so much. Sue Jones has got almost the mate to it, and Tom walked to church with her Sunday, and if I had one he might—yes, I'll do it; of course it will be right with mother." From this we may infer Lucy was questioning herself, "could not she board him?" at last the supposition that handsome Tom might walk to church with her if she had that hat, was too much for her; she looked up in the stranger's face.

"I'll care for you," said Lucy, "you want boarding—will let me see—" and she began to look over the various chances.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

One of our citizens who had been troubled with a severe cold on the lungs, effected his recovery in the following simple manner: He boiled a little ham and hamhock together, and drank freely of the tea before going to bed. The next day he took five pills, put one kind of plaster on his breast, another under his arms, and still another on his back. Under advice from an experienced old lady he took all those off with an oyster knife in the afternoon and stepped on a scalded plaster instead. His mother performed other drunks on his feet and gave him a lump of tea to swallow. Then he put some hot bricks in his feet, and went to bed. Next morning another lady came in with a bottle of green oil, and gave him a dose of it in a quill, and an aunt arrived about the same time from Boston with a bundle of sweet fern, which she made into a tea and gave him every half hour until noon, when he took a big dose of salts.

After dinner his wife, who had seen a fine old lady of great experience in doctoring, on Franklin street, gave him two pills of her make, about the size of an English walnut and of a similar shape, and two tablespoonfuls of a home-made balsam to keep them down. Then he took a half pint of hot rum at the suggestion of an old sea captain in the next house, and cleaned his legs with an alcohol bath; at this crisis two of the physicians arrived, who at once that his disease was out of order, and gave him a half gallon of emperior tonic and a big dose of powder tea. Before going to bed he took eight of a new kind of pills, wrapped about his neck a flannel soaked in hot vinegar and salt, and had feathers buried on a shawl in his room. He is now entirely cured and full of gratitude. We advise our readers to eat this out and keep it where it can be readily found when danger threatens.—*Danbury News*.

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Miss Symmons pronounced it sweet. He showed her Miss Ogden, their church-organist, play some of Beethoven's compositions. Had he ever heard her?

Often, here Ada frowned, and pinched her friend's arm, but not before Annette had asked whether Miss Ogden had been invited for Tuesday night.

"No," said Ada, "I am a school teacher, and one must draw the line somewhere."

"I suppose then," said her brother, "anybody can have no visible means of support, is on the right side of your line."

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"You ought to be reasonable. People of our class see I know everybody."

Certainly not. I doubt if any sensible person would wish to know the people composing our American aristocracy. Do you remember Bax's lines—"

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Ada finished his quotation, Cosmo bowed to the ladies, and left the room.

"He's an unmitigated bear!" cried the offended Ada.

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She tried very hard to catch him once, but mamma and I didn't approve of her. She's not *de modé* classe, you know. We couldn't entertain the idea of having a mere school-teacher in the family, so we snubbed her and sneered at her whenever we got an opportunity.

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"Indeed!" And then the dear creatures began the delightful task of picking the unfortunate Miss Ogden to pieces.

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"We'll find out some way of enjoying ourselves immensely at other people's expense. I had such fun last April-fool's day, pursued Annette, gushing, and with an air of infantine gaiety: "I never laughed so much in my life!" I sent an anonymous letter to Aunt Vera, making my writing look as much like a man's as possible, and appointing a meeting place. She was to meet me at the hotel, where I lay away a substantial foundation for the next morning's socials."

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FIFTEEN CENTS A DAY.

An economical correspondent writes to us to ask if Dio Lewis plan for living upon fifteen cents a day is really practicable. We think it is. Dio's programme is: Oatmeal mush for breakfast, cracked wheat for dinner, and nothing for supper. A friend of ours, Brown, tried the experiment with brilliant success, and he is now as healthy and healthy a man as can be found. He would spread his board in the morning with mush, and, after the family had eaten eight cents' worth, Brown would prance them around to his aunts or his sisters to fill up with a good meal. When dinner-time came, seven cents' worth of cracked wheat was disposed of, and then Brown would dig out a leg of mutton procured from a butcher, who had a weakness for giving credit. The supper time, Brown would prance them around to his mother-in-law, where he lay away a substantial foundation for the next morning's socials."

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"Oh, Lord Chancellor, oh?" said the porter, with a grin, as he opened the gate.

"Step in, it's all right. We have seen of you here already. One got loose last week with the Emperor of China, but I thought both of you were bad."

By this time his lordship was within the gate, and a batch of warden's summons by the porter, took him in charge. It was not till he had sent for his secretary that he obtained release.

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Miss Ada herself, in a flutter of blue and white ruffles and ribbons, turned suddenly on her music-stool, knocking down half-a-dozen books and a vase of flowers, and rushed into the arms of a friend who was just entering. Then followed a succession of sharp reports resembling the sound of suppressed pistol-shots. The affectionate young ladies—having been separated a whole day—were devouring each other with kisses. This operation concluded, they set to work examining each other's dress with lynx-eyed attention—the scrutiny being covered by a rapid fire of small talk.

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